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Wm Bronscombe 2020

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The Day of Atonement.

The sun sets in stillness over a calm, solemnized, and peaceful camp. It had been a wondrous day from the very first dawn to the last streak of setting sun.

At the third hour of the morning (nine o'clock), every street or way of the camp had been trodden by people going up to a peculiar service, each moving along serious and awe-struck.

As many as the courts of the Temple could contain enter, especially aged men and fathers in Israel; the rest stand in thousands near, or sit in groups under green bushes, and on little eminences overlooking the enclosing curtain.

Some are in the attitude of prayer; some are pondering the Book of the Law; some, like Hannah, move their lips, though no word is heard; all are ever and again glancing at the altar, and the array of courts. Even children sit in wonder, and whisper their inquiries to their parents.

The morning sacrifice is then offered; the priest's bullock and ram standing by, and other victims besides. They wait in expectation of what is to follow when the smoke of the morning lamb has melted into the clouds.

They see the lots cast on the two goats, the priest enter the sanctuary with his own offering, and return amid the tremblings of Israel, who all feel that they are concerned in his acceptance.

They see one goat slain and its blood carried in. The scapegoat is then led down their trembling ranks out of the camp, and at length Aaron re-appears to their joy.

The murmur of delight now spreads along, like the pleasant ruffling of the water's surface in the breeze of a summer's evening. The silver trumpets sound, the evening lamb is offered; Israel feels the favor of his God, and returns home to rest under His shadow.

'O, Lord, though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me.'

How intensely interesting to have seen this day kept in Jerusalem! The night before, you would have seen the city become silent and still, as the sun set. No lingerers in the market; no traders, no voice of business.

The watchmen that go about the city sing the Penitential Psalms, reminding themselves of their own and the city's secret sins, seen through the darkness by an all-seeing God; and the Levites from the Temple sing responsively as they would round the courts.

Though the sun has risen over the Mount of Olives, none are seen in the streets; no smoke rises from any dwelling; no hum of busy noise; for no work is done on a holy convocation day. The melody of joy and health ascends from the tabernacle of the righteous.

But at the hour of morning sacrifice the city pours out its thousands, who move solemnly toward the Temple, or repair to the heights of Zion's towers or the grassy slopes of Olivet, that they may witness as well as join in all the day's devotion.

They see the service proceed, they see the scapegoat led away, they see the priest come out of the holy place; and at this comforting sight every head in the vast, vast multitude is bowed down in solemn thankfulness, and every heart moves the lips to a burst of joy.

The trumpet for the evening sacrifice sounds; Olivet re-echoes; the people on its bosom see the city and the altar, and weep for very gladness; all know it is the hour for

THE SCAPEGOAT.

the evening blessing. When the sun set, an angel might have said to his fellow, 'Look upon Zion, the city of solemnities! Behold Jerusalem, a quiet habitation!'

Impressive as this service was, it was impossible for those taking part in it to perceive its real significance. We can tell, as they could not, that it pointed to the sacrifice of the Lamb of God, who takes away the sins, not of one nation only, but of the world.

When weighed down with a sense of our sinfulness, what a privilege it is to be able to approach the Sin-Bearer Himself, and, with a fulness of meaning which the Israelites did not know, to offer the prayer, 'O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant us Thy peace!'—'Cottager and Artisan.'

The Night-bell of Prayer.

'Pull the night-bell.' This is the inscription we often see written on the doorpost of the shop in which medicines are sold. Some of us have had our experiences with night-bells when sudden illness has overtaken some member of our households, or when the sick have rapidly grown worse. How have we hurried through the silent streets, when only here and there a light glimmered from some chamber window! How eagerly have we pulled the night-bell at our physician's door; and then, with prescription in hand, have sounded the alarm at the place where the remedy was to be procured. Those of us who have had these lonely midnight walks and have given the summons for quick relief, know the meaning of that Bible-text, 'Arise! cry out in the night!'

Seasons of trouble and distress are often spoken of in God's word under the simile of night. The word vividly pictures those times when the skies are darkened and the lights that gladden the soul have gone out and it is not easy to find one's way. Enemies may be stealing on us in the darkness. Apprehensions gather like fancied spectres, to make us uneasy or afraid. If prosperity be likened to the noonday, the seasons of perplexity or distress may be likened to the 'night.' Perhaps some of the readers of this paragraph may be in a gloomy night-season of poverty or bereavement, or of spiritual doubt and depression. Each heart knoweth its own bitterness. Friend, arise, and pull the night-bell of prayer! God your Father says to you, 'Call upon me in the time of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me.' Centuries ago it was said of certain people, 'They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.'

There are different kinds of prayer. There is the calm communion of the soul with God. There is the affectionate converse of the believer with him, in which faith feeds on the promises and recounts its mercies and finds its meditations to be sweet. Then, too, there is the sharp, piercing cry of anguish, or the earnest appeal of importunity, which will not let God go without an immediate response. Christ described the beseeching eagerness of this style of prayer, when he told his disciples about a certain housekeeper who went to a friend's house at midnight and clamored for the loan of three loaves of bread to feed unexpected guests, until, 'because of his importunity,' he got all the bread that he needed. There are many varieties of night-calls for relief, from the sudden cry of our little ones in their cribs, to the shout for help in the street, or the eager call under the physician's window. These are all types of the prayer which you are to pour out into the ear of God in seasons of difficulty or distress or danger.

'If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.

'This is all a very pretty theory,' some of you may say, 'and it has a very pious sound. But please to tell me what actual and positive good it can do me. Does it really move God? Does it really bring relief?' Such cavils are as common as breathing. The devil can suggest them in a hundred forms; and it is astonishing how much readier some people are to believe the father of lies than to believe their Father in heaven.

Does the prayer of faith really move God? To this we can only reply that God himself tells us that it does actually produce that state of things in which it is right and in accordance with his will to bestow the asked for blessing. God tells us that he loves to be asked, and is the rewarder of them who diligently seek him. He tells us that the fervent effectual prayer of the righteous availeth much. He bids us ask and we shall receive. His word abounds in narratives of the actual bestowal of things which his children have besought him to give them. When his needy or suffering ones have pulled the night-bell of prayer with strong faith, he has relieved them of their distress or removed the evils they suffered from, or else given to them supernatural grace to bear their burdens. On his bed of anguish Hezekiah rang this night-bell and God heard it and spared his life. In his dungeon at Jerusalem Peter cried unto the Lord, and a whole prayer-meeting cried at the same time for his deliverance, and God sent his angel and brought the apostle out of the prison. Answered prayers cover the field of providential history as flowers cover western prairies. Answered prayers hover around the communion-tables of our churches, in seasons of revival, as we have seen great flocks of birds descend into a meadow. Answered prayers have made the pulpits of Payson and Burns and Spurgeon powerful. Answered prayers have visited sick-rooms like angels, to restore to life; or if infinite wisdom had appointed to the sick to die, the sting of death has been turned to the song of victory. 'I cannot get on without three hours a day of prayer now,' said Martin Luther in the thick of his great fight with the man of sin. Are you wiser than Luther?

Some people pull the bell of prayer and then run away without stopping for the answer. Sometimes they grow discouraged and mistake a delay for a total denial. Sometimes the thing asked for is not actually bestowed, but in lieu of it our all-wise Father grants us something far better. He does not spare our sick darling's life, but he takes the little one home to heaven and draws our poor hearts up with it unto himself. God answers prayers according to his own wisdom and love and not according to our short-sightedness. But I no more believe that God leaves a right prayer, offered in the right spirit, to pass unnoticed than I believe that he will let the whole summer pass over without a drop of rain or dew.

In securing answers to our requests we must co-operate with the Lord. Some people ask him to do their work. 'Father,' said a little boy, after he had heard him pray fervently for the poor at family worship—'father, I wish I had your cornerib.' 'Why, my son?' 'Because then I would answer your prayer.' I have heard professing Christians pray for the conversion of their children while they were taking them night after night into scenes of frolic and dissipation. We may make fools of ourselves, but the Almighty will never let us make a fool of him. God is not mocked; whatsoever we sow we shall also reap. Neither does God ever mock us.

Then, my friend, if you will only 'arise and cry in the night,' you may be sure that your Father will hear the bell. He will send the right answer; and if it is not best that he left off your load! You'll never doubt that God is a prayer-answerer when you get to heaven. There is no night there! He who has often arisen in the night of trouble and sorrow here to ring the bell of prayer, with a trembling hand, will then stand in the morning light of glory on the sea of glass, like unto pure gold. —From 'Heart Life.'

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

By an unfortunate error in the 'Messenger' for March 1, the expenses of the Victorian India Orphan Society were given as $549.00, instead of $54.90.

Past and Present.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
I know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

—Thomas Hood.

A True Heroine.

All Canada, indeed, all the English-speaking world, has just been thrilled by the story of the devoted teacher, principal of the Hochelaga School, Montreal, who, when her school was on fire, saved with her own hands more than twenty of the children, handing them through the window to the firemen, and who refused even then to save herself at the entreaty of the bystanders, but went back from the window into the dense smoke, to meet her death with the sixteen little ones she was unable to save. Her last words as she disappeared into the blackness, were: 'There are others here still, and oh! they must be saved.'

The name of Sarah Maxwell will go down into history as a true heroine, and generation after generation of school children will grow up nobler and better men and women for the glorious example of her heroic death, the crowning point of an unselfish, devoted life.

Many a home would treasure a picture of this noble woman, and the publishers of the 'Messenger' have issued an exquisite portrait on fine coated paper, with a facsimile of Miss Maxwell's signature beneath, and a suitable inscription, telling briefly the story. This picture, all ready for framing, will be sent while the supply lasts, to teachers and scholars at the rate of five cents each for postage and tubing. Teachers will please remit for the school in one order. Others than teachers and pupils may have the picture at ten cents, all profits from these pictures to be turned over to the Citizen's Maxwell Memorial Fund.

Address, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

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THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

She had quite a wealth of curly brown hair on her well-formed little head, and the dark brown eyes that looked at you from beneath equally plentiful brows and lashes were eloquent of strength of purpose and of strength of love. The rest of her sweet little face was quite in keeping. Without being beautiful she was bonnie, and, on the whole, the latter is by far the best and most enduring in this work-a-day world. She would, I think, have been accounted well sized for her years. I am very pleased at that, for 'heroines' are all either 'tall and stately,' or 'short and piquant,' and as I know I have got here one of the truest 'heroines' that ever was, I am glad she has a stature of her own.

Now, there was one person in Netherborough in whose eyes Kitty Smart was beautiful. He had fallen, as we say, head over ears in love with her, and never a village maiden had a more faithful swain than he. It is a well-known adage that pity is akin to love, and it was out of kindly Christian pity that Aaron Brigham first made acquaintance with the small housekeeper of Tommy Smart's establishment. He noticed with admiration and delight the way in which she cared for her two little sisters and the still 'littler' brother, whom she called collectively 'the chilther.' He undertook to teach her to read, to help her in her household tasks, more especially to instruct her in the truths of Jesus and His love.

Kitty was an apt and willing scholar; she had a gentle spirit, and a loving heart, as well as a bonnie face; and so it came to pass that her aged friend became her lover, and as every true lover ought to have, he had the youthful maiden's dearest affection as his greatest reward. She was his 'lahtle lassie,' and he, by mutual agreement and consent was her 'gran'feyther.'

Poor little Kitty had a hard time of it all the weary days and nights that her father was laid up with the manifold injuries he had received from Sir John Barleycorn's agents on Netherborough Green. He was cross and peevish, and being deprived of beer, the only thing in the world he cared for, he was restless, ill-tempered, and bad to manage or control. At any rate, all this was true during the early part of his unwilling imprisonment at home. During the last few days, things changed wonderfully for the better.

I have said that beer was the only thing in the world that Tommy Smart cared for. On second thoughts, I am compelled to believe that in some small degree he did appreciate the brave little maiden who was a true mother to his children, and a long, long way the best friend he had in all the world. For some days before he was thoroughly up and about again, Kitty had noticed her father watching her with a kindly look, and his voice was marked by a kindlier and softer tone. The dear child began to have a flutter of hope about the heart that he would be more like a father than all the bad, doleful days in which she had known the word as something to be afraid of.

'Ah think Ah can get oot a bit te-day, Kitty,' said her father, who had, for some days past, been able to hobble about the floor a bit by the aid of a stout stick. 'It's nice an' warm i' t' middle o' t' day. Ah think Ah can manage it.'

'I think you can't,' said the little housekeeper. She would have been dearly glad to get him out of the house for a while, but she was afraid that his sojourn in the open air would end in a visit to the 'Blue Bell;' the 'Red Cow,' his favorite haunt, was too far away— the 'Blue Bell' was dangerously near.

Poor Tommy looked so thoroughly disappointed, and withal so mild and tractable, that Kitty was sorry for him, and tried to find a middle course. A bright idea dawned upon her.

'I'll tell yo' what we'll do, feyther, we'll ask Mrs. Consett to let yo' walk up an' down their garden. I wish gran'feyther wad cum an' help yo'. I want to get t' weshin' done, and there's little Jacky's pinny te mend, an' ——'

Tommy was smitten with a great pity for the poor bairn of many cares, to whom he had shown such scant affection.

'Hang it, lahtle wench,' said he, in a fit of tenderness, looking at the child's pallid face, 'let t' weshin' be, te ta' its luck, an' cum thoo oot wi' me a bit, that's a good lass.'

Kitty brightened up at once. The earthen bowl in which the 'weshin'' lay unfinished was put aside into a corner. Polly, her next sister, who had scarcely seen six summers, was put in charge of the house, and in a little time the lame man and the valorous Kitty were slowly sauntering in their neighbor's garden in the warm light of the autumnal sun.

Mr. Consett stood at her kitchen table gazing at her visitors through the window. She lifted her arm and shook her closed fist at the unconscious sinner, and apostrophised him strongly under her breath.

'You born rascal, an' weeastrel, an' idiot fool! You don't desarve te own sitch a little jewel of a blessin' as that dear bairn. Ah reckon she's left her bit o' weshin' to give you a bit o' sunshine. It's precious little sunshine you've iver given her.'

Leaving her house by the front door, Mrs. Consett slipped into Smart's cottage, lifted the big bowl on to a crippled chair, and after a few well-used minutes, she had finished the wash, and hung it on the string suspended across the ceiling to dry.

Tommy Smart had come out into the garden in a softened mood. The influence of the warm sunshine was as if it played on wax,—he melted more and more. At length he spoke what was in his heart.

'Kitty, lass,' said he.

'Yes, feyther,' says Kitty, simply.

'Thoo hez a hard tahme on it.'

'Yis, feyther, it is a bit bad to bide sumtahmes.'

'Ah don't knea hoo thoo manishes it.'

'I gets help, daddy.' It was a long time since that child-name had come from Kitty's lips.

'Nut fre' me thoo dizn't. Ah sud be a good deal better oot o' thy road. Whea diz help tha'?'

A pair of dark brown eyes were lifted to meet his own eyes swimming in a mist of tears. A pair of sweet little lips quivered with emotion as they uttered softly, tremulously, one sweet word, 'Jesus!'

There was silence for a brief space. Tom Smart was thinking. The operation was unfamiliar; its processes were slow; its drift, had he put it into words, was this: 'There's no help for me.'

In the silence, brave Kitty was thinking, too.

'I say, daddie,' said she, insinuatingly.

'What is it, Kitty?' replied her father, with quite unwonted tenderness in his tones.

'Do you want helpin'?'

'Nowt can help me; neeather nowt nor nobody.'

The words were a passionate and despairing cry—a wail of hopeless regret.

'Yes, daddie, Jesus can.'

'Mebbe, He cud, but He 'weean't,' said her father, as one who feels himself cast out and cast off.

'Hev' yo' axed Him? I does, every day.'

'And what diz tha' say, Kitty?'

'I says, "Oor Father, which art in heaven," an' sometahmes,

"Gentle Jesus, meek an' mild,
Look upon a little child;"

an' sumtahmes I says just nowt, but I thinks aboot Him an' wants hard, an' gran'feyther says that Jesus hears that when his chilter—'

'Hey, Ah sudn't wanther but He diz, but Ah isn't His child. Ah's nowt but a great big sin——'

'Whisht, daddie, whisht!' said the poor little maiden. She would not hear him condemn himself to her.

'If you ain't a little child, He knows you're little Kitty's feyther, 'cos I've talked to Him aboot yo'."

'Thoo hez!' said Tom, in amaze; 'why, wheea tell'd tha' te deea that?'

'Gran'feyther did,' said Kitty: 'and here he is!' As she spoke, every line of her face was lighted up with joy.

The old man stepped forward to greet his 'fair one' and to receive his reward in kind. Then he gave his arm to the weary invalid.

'Hey, Tommy!' said Aaron, heartily; 'why, this is summat like! I'se glad to see yo' gettin' sum fresh air an' sunshine. You'll get on all the better for it.'

'Get on,' said Smart, in a voice filled with discontent and disgust about himself. 'Ah don't think 't it's worth while, Aaron. It wad be all the better, booath for myself an' other foaks, if Ah cud manish to get off, an' let there be an' end o' me.'

Aaron Brigham was thankful to find that Tom Smart's adamantine indifference had been fractured at last, and that the arm that had dealt the blow was the Christ-endowed arm of a little child—his own 'lahtle lassie,' his beloved Kitty. Tom's passionate words of shame were music to him; and to his expression, 'It wad be better if I could get off and let there be an end o' me,' Aaron replied, as they sauntered round the garden.

'Nay, marry, nay. All you want, Tommy, is to get off the drink, an' get on to Jesus Christ, an' for an' your bairns to go to heaven tegither. Hey, man, that Kitty o' thahne's a precious lahtle—'

'Ah knea! Ah knea!' said Tommy, unable to stand any further probing into a wound that was already very sore. 'Look yo' here, Aaron Brigham,' he continued, lifting his clenched hand, as if he would strike his own worthless self, 'Ah'll eather mend mysen, or end mysen, or Ah'll tak' mysen off a thousand miles away.'

'You mustn't do either one nor t' other,' said Aaron, laying his hand kindly on Tom's arm. 'You must get Jesus to mend yo' an' you must be a co-worker with Him, by signin' t' pledge, an' holdin' on to it, in His strength. Tom, owd friend, I beg an' pray o' yo', niver, niver, touch another drop!'

Quoth Tom Smart, as he paused a moment on the garden walk:

'Wi' the help o' God and Kitty, Ah niver will.'

If ever man meant it when he said it, Tommy Smart meant it then. But the odds were desperately against him.

CHAPTER XVI.

That evening Mr. Norwood Hayes called in a friendly way, as his custom was, to spend an hour with Aaron Brigham at Lily Lodge. Both these men could talk, and talk well, and when they got together, each one knew and felt that he had a listener that was worth talking to.

They had not been in conversation very long before Old Aaron brought up the subject of Tom Smart.

'I'se gotten a bit o' hope,' said Aaron, 'that Tommy Smart's goin' te tak' a toon an' mend.'

'A forlorn hope that, I should think,' said Mr. Hayes, who had repeatedly employed that luckless lover of the pot.

'Varry likely,' said Aaron, earnestly, 'but you mustn't forget that "forlorn hopes" hev been the meeans o' showin' more courage an' darin', an' o' makin' some o 'the grandest captur's an' gainin' some o' the grandest victories that ever was gotten. I isn't going to sneak oot o' helpin' poor Tommy Smart because it's a forlorn hope. That's all the mair reason why one should mak' a mair desperate effort. I've nae doot that you'll all come in an' clap your hands if I succeed, and say what a grand thing Christianity is te work sitch wonders! an' yet like t' Pharisees 'at Jesus flogged wi' a wire whip, you niver helped it wi' one o' your fingers. There's a deal o' varry cheap patronage o' Christianity common just noo. But I tell yo', Mr. Hayes, it is a good deal better to do well yourself, then to pat it on the back when it is done, and say, "Well done!"'

'Oh, yes,' said Mr. Norwood Hayes, who took Aaron's hard hitting in very good part, as he always did. I've done a great deal to help the fellow out of the ditch myself, but he lies there still, and will do so to the end of the chapter. That's my opinion.'

'Yes,' said Aaron, rather slowly, 'you hev', as you say, done a good deal for Tommy Smart, booath in givin' him work, an' forgivin' his faults, an' plyin' him wi' good advice. God bless yo' for it, says I; but when you say "a good deal" does that meean all yo' owt te ha' done? Does it mean all yo' could ha' done. When t' woman i' t' gospel lost her bit o' silver she swept an' sowt "until she found it." Tommy Smart's worth a good deal mair than a piece o' silver, Mr. Hayes.'

'Look here, old friend,' said Mr. Hayes, with a courteous gesture and a laugh that had not much ring in it. 'If you use your "wire whip" with such unmerciful muscle, I shall have to run away. I do assure you that I will gladly help you to rescue poor Smart, and I hope he will be a little more set upon helping himself than he has been.'

'I hope he will,' said Aaron, fixing his expressive and undimmed grey eyes upon his companion; 'but I say, my friend, don't you see that that is a "forlorn hope" for him. What chance hez he? Hoo can he contend again the drink-trade patronized by law? His enemies are legion; hoo can he fight 'em. Ha' yo' iver ta'en t' truble te coont the number o' public hooses i' Netherboro'?'

'No,' said Mr. Hayes, 'I can't say I ever did. There are too many, I've no doubt.'

'Then it's tahme yo' did, sir; an' seein' you're a fooremost man i' t' toon, it's tahme yo' tried to mak' 'em fewer. Now tick 'em off your ten fingers as I mention, one by one, all the "publics" that are let lowse like lions on this small population of less than two thousand.

(To be Continued.)

Doing Ten Things at Once.

The Man Who Swears Does Ten Things At Once.

1. He breaks the command of God. 2. He violates the law of the land. 3. He transgresses the rules of good manners. 4. He outrages decency. 5. He insults good people. 6. He profanes sacred things. 7. He shows bad bringing up. 8. He dishonors his parents. 9. He does what he is ashamed of. 10. He does what he will regret.

'It chills my heart to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme.
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.
You would not swear upon a bed of death;
Reflect, your Maker now could stop your
breath.'

'Because of swearing the land mourneth.' If men would swear less and pray more, they would find themselves better off in many ways.

'SWEAR NOT AT ALL.'

—'American Messenger.'

Have You Balast?

(William Barnes Lower, D.D., in the New York 'Observer.')

Several years ago a vessel set out from San Francisco with a light cargo for Honolulu. The captain was told repeatedly that he had not sufficient ballast to ride the sea. He laughed at all warnings, not wanting to spend the money and take the time to ballast the ship. Just outside the Golden Gate a squall struck the vessel and she capsized. The cargo was lost and several of the crew.

How many a young man sails magnificently through the Golden Gate of opportunities, but when the broad ocean is reached he is struck by adverse winds, pounded by heavy seas, torn by fierce gales, driven on dangerous reefs and wrecked.

Why are some young men so unfortunate? Because they have no ballast. Good moral progress in this world can only be made by those who have sufficiently spiritual ballast. Thousands of young men make shipwreck of life by not listening to good counsel. They receive warnings from the minister, warnings from mother, warnings from father and warnings from friends, but disregarding all, they are found at last a disabled hulk adrift on a hidden reef.

Good counsel taken is the ballast which will steady any life. Ballast your frail barque, young man, with the truth of God's word, take Jesus Christ for your pilot, let faith fill your sails, and charity direct your way and you will anchor at evening time in the harbor of peace.

Winning the Race.

He was a famous rower. He had won many races in rowing, and he was proud of it. He knew how it was done, too, and one day he was talking with his doctor about it. This doctor thought a little wine would do him good, tone him up for his work, give him some nerve. But he never took it. Not because he was what we call a 'temperate man'—for he had never taken the pledge, nor did he attend temperance meetings. He abstained from wine and from all alcoholic drinks because he knew he could do better without them, and he gave this doctor a bit of his experience:

'I once had to row against a man who was as good a rower as I was. He was artistic and well trained. I thought we were just about an even match, and I felt a little anxious, for I was not quite sure that I could beat him. But, to make matters worse, that morning I was not very well, and I felt as if luck was against me. Then he got the best side of the river, and I began to think surely that the race was all up with me, and I might about as well not try.

'Just then, as my rival was getting into his boat, I saw one of his friends give him a little drink of some alcoholic spirits, and pretty soon another. Then I began to have hope. I said, That is as good for me as if I had got the best side of the river. I fell a little behind at first, until there came a point where we saw something in the water that looked like a capsized boat. We were both obliged to turn, and I decided at once which way I would go, for my head was clear, and so I lost no time. But he was a little confused—it was the liquor that did that. I came up even with him then, and after that, for a little, we went on side by side.

'It was a beautifully clear day, and the water was as smooth as to be without a ripple, while the boats containing the spectators kept quite out of the way. We were so evenly matched that we kept perfect time, stroke for stroke, his sculls and mine, so that it was really musical. I began to wonder who would beat, for I could not seem to gain an inch. By and by I heard a jingle. It was merely a little irregularity in his stroke. One of his sculls by the merest touch struck the water before the other. Then I said: "That man is not steady; that is another point for me;' and I gained a little more. The jingle grew worse and worse, until his oars did not strike at all together. Then I saw, too, that he was confused by what was going on around us, while I remained quiet and self-possessed. It was the liquor made that difference.

'I did not flag at all, but improved as I went on. I let him keep nearer me than I might have done, because I wanted to watch the effect, and, finally, I walked in as easily as I ever did in my life. Those two glasses of liquor turned the scale against my rival that morning, and that is one of the experiences that have decided me never to take anything of the kind when I am training or rowing. They do not help; they always hinder.'

What did his doctor say to this? It was quite an opposition to his prescription and to his own ideas, for he thought a little wine would do him good, make him stronger. Well, he laughed at it quietly, thought it was the rower's fancy; but twenty years afterwards he began to study the action of alcohol on the muscles and on the mind, and he found that the man was perfectly correct. It is a great advantage to young men who are training for rowing or any other feat of skill to know such things, and the school boys of the present day can learn about them in temperance text books. Just make up your mind that you will learn about it in some way, and you will be sure to meet with success.—'National Advocate.'

Salt Money.

Many, many years ago salt was so hard to obtain, but so necessary to have, that Roman soldiers were paid part of their wages in salt, Now the Latin word for salt is 'sal,' and from that word 'salarium,' meaning salt-money. Finally the soldiers were paid only in money, but the term 'salarium' was still used to designate these wages. From this old Latin word comes our English word salary. Do you see, then, why we say of a worthless fellow that he 'is not worth his salt?'

The Price of Success.

'Eternal vigilance the price of success,' is a capital motto to lay away in one's mind. A better one still to act on. For it's as true to-day as it ever was.

And it's true of little things as well as big. We want every one of our Boy Agents to keep that thought in mind in handling the 'Canadian Pictorials.' Watch for the contents of the new issue, as soon as it comes out, or before. Tell your friends about it; pass on the good things you hear said of it; let your customers see you are interested, and you secure their interest for continued sales.

Did it ever strike you what a fine pair of pictures the frontispieces of February and March make placed together—the 'Hockey Player' and the 'Tobogan Girl'? Just mention that one little point and see how quickly those who bought February will want to buy March, and your new customers will want you to send for February to supply them.

Of course, you might not be able to get the Februarys now, but it would make your sales all the quicker another month.

Let us hear from every reader who thinks he can sell even one dozen of the 'Canadian Pictorials.'

Send for a package of 'Pictorials' to-day, and get our premium slip, and full instructions. See premium announcement elsewhere in this issue.

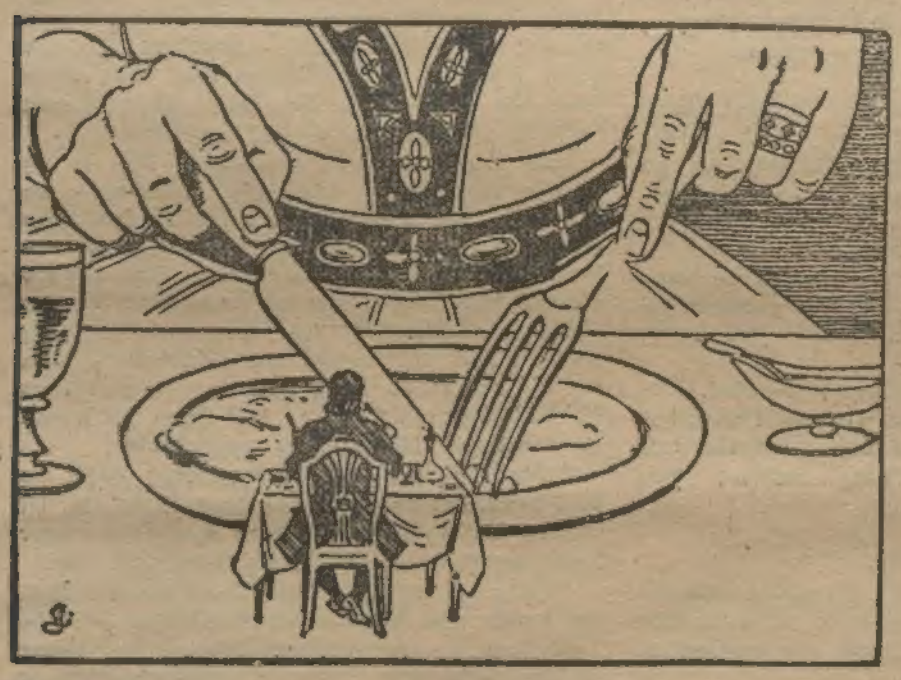
JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Gulliver's Adventures Among the Giants.

(By Dean Swift, as edited by W. T. Stead, for 'Books for the Bairns.')

(Continued.)

The Queen became so fond of my company that she could not dine without me. His Majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself; and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature. For the Queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up, at one mouthful, as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight. She would crunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, betwen her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth as big as two twelvepenny loaves. She drank, out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments were all in the same proportion.



It is the custom that every Wednesday (which is their Sabbath) the King and Queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his Majesty, to whom I was now become a great favorite; and, at these times, my little chair and table were placed at his left hand, before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. Then, turning to his first Minister, who waited behind him with a white staff, nearly as tall as the mainmast of the 'Royal Sovereign,' he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I; and yet, says he, I dare engage these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honor; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the Queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high) became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that one day at dinner he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch, in that instant, happened to be at the other end of the room, and the Queen was in such a fright, that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed about a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and, as a further punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me; neither was he ever restored to favor, for, soon after, the Queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction, for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick. Her Majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the dish erect, as it stood before; the dwarf watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the sideboard, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me, for I thought it below me to cry out; but, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the Queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself. The occasion was this: the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer, and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest, while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about my ears. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

(To be Continued.)

Old Courage.

(Mrs. S. A. Stewert, in the 'Sunday School Messenger.')

Have you ever heard of Martin Taney, the noble captain of the good ship 'Victory'? Perhaps you have not, for it was years ago that he sank with his ship just off the coast of New Zealand. When he died, there was no one left to care for his aged father, who had gone with him on his many trips, sitting in the cabin reading his Bible on the stormy days, and hobbling about on deck with a pleasant word for each of the passengers when the day was fair. Captain Taney once said that he believed that the dauntless courage of his renowned crew was due largely to the fact that his men believed no harm could befall them because of his father's prayers. When the ship caught fire the dreadful day that it sank, the old man's voice could be heard above the roar of the wind and the flames crying out to the men, 'Courage, boys! Courage!' The life-saving crew finally reached the ship, but only in time to save the old man, thrown overboard to them by the loving son who a moment later fell senseless on the deck and sank with the ship. It is said the father struck a floating timber with his head, and was never quite sane again. When he thought himself alone he would mutter continually, 'Courage. Courage.' When he was sent back to his own country few men knew his story, and he became known to every one as Old Courage.

One day he was run over by a frightened team. At the funeral the minister said, 'We gather to-day about the form of Old Courage as the widows of Joppa gathered about Dorcas, weeping, and by our sadness testifying to the influence of this strange, but Spirit-led life. I will tell you to-day what human ears have not heard before. I was treasurer of an insurance company. I appropriated the funds. My plans for restitution failed, I stood in my office one day preparing a mixture of poison, which I intended to take and avoid exposure. Just outside my open window this old man passed along muttering 'Courage. Courage.' Startled, but impressed, I threw the mixture into the fireplace, and, dreading the return of my former desire, I rushed to the door and called the man. During the next hour and many others which he spent in my room, for he became a frequent visitor, he started by his many Scripture quotations a train of thought in my mind which resulted in my getting on my knees and with bitter tears of remorse praying for forgiveness and promising God that if He would make it possible I would rectify my wrong deed and henceforth live an honest life. By hard labor I was soon able to make all right; I was converted, and with "Courage, courage" ringing in my ears I became a minister of the Gospel, desiring to show my gratitude to God by endeavoring to do for others what he allowed Old Courage to do for me. As we view this familiar face for the last time, let us hear again from the silent lips his favorite words, 'Be not afraid, nor dismayed, for the battle is not yours, but God's. Courage. Courage.'

Positive Orders.

'I've got my orders, positive orders, not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey,' said a youth who was being tempted to enter a gambling saloon.

'Come, don't be womanish; come along like a man,' shouted the youths, who were trying to tempt him.

'No, I can't disobey orders,' said John.

'What special orders have you got? Come, show 'em to us if you can; show us your orders.'

John took out a neatly-folded paper, 'It is here,' he said, unfolding the paper and showing it to the boys. They looked, and one of them read aloud: 'Enter not into the path of the wicked.'

Little Workers.

We are workers for the Master,
  Willingly to Him we bring
Hearts and hands to do Him service,
  While our lips His praises sing.
Little workers, happy workers —
  Willing workers for our King.

There are lands where heathen darkness
  Falls without one cheering ray;
Where they bow in idol worship
  To their gods of wood and clay,
Little workers, happy workers—
  Send to them the Light of day.

There are sheep that far have wandered
  From the pastures green and fair,
Out upon sin's gloomy desert,
  Over rock and mountain bare.
Little workers, happy workers—
  Lead them to the Shepherd's care.

Let us then be up and doing—
  Serving Jesus while we may;
Sending light to souls in darkness,
Seeking lost sheep gone astray.
Little workers, happy workers—
  Be our motto, 'Work and pray.'

—Selected.

Circus or Farm.

(Frank H. Sweet, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Hello, boy, like weeding onions?'

The crouching figure started violently.

'No, sir, I hate it,' and he rose quickly to his feet and straightened his shoulders impatiently. He was a strong, well-grown boy of fourteen or fifteen, with a frank, pleasant face that was just now heater with exertion and discontent.

'I wouldn't mind the farming so much,' he said, half apologetically, 'if 'twasn't for the onions. Everything else has to be neglected for them. A whole acre, an' nobody but me to look after them.'

The man laughed.

'It's too bad,' he said, sympathetically, 'what makes you do it?'

At the sound of the laugh the boy glanced at him more keenly.

'Why, you're the Wild West man,' he exclaimed, and there was pleased wonder in his voice.

'Yes, I'm the Wild West man,' the stranger answered affably. 'And you are the boy who rode our wild pony around the circus ring without falling. Our manager said it was remarkable. A western boy could not have done better.'

The boy flushed with pleasure.

'I always liked horses,' he said, simply, 'an' could ride almost soon's I could walk. Your circus ponies were so pretty I wanted to touch them, so when you said for boys to come into the ring an' see if they could ride I couldn't help going.'

'I'm glad you couldn't,' and the man took a cigar from his pocket and bit it to his satisfaction, all the while watching the boy from under his black eyebrows. 'You did nobly. That pony was a regular spitfire, and you were the only boy out of a dozen who could ride him. I inquired about you after the show was over, and found that you didn't belong to anybody in partic'lar. Just working for your keep. Now, see here,' persuasively, 'that's small potatoes for a line fellow like you. Suppose you join our show? We are short of hands just now. Some of our men have run off and some are sick, and we must have more help. But it's how to get the right sort in this part of the country. You will just suit us. What do you say? The work'll be easy, and you can make money hand over fist. Of course, you'll have to dress like an Indian, but I don't suppose you'd mind that?'

'No, I wouldn't mind that.' The boy's head was in a whirl and he wanted to think. Of course he would go. There was no question about that. But he was naturally cautious and not accustomed to do things without deliberation. And his caution stood him in good stead now. 'Yes, I suppose I'll go,' he said, slowly, 'but how much do you pay, an' where do you go, an' what sort of a chance is there for me to get on—to rise?'

'We pay big,' the man answered, impressively, 'and we go everywhere, and there'll be all sorts of chances for you to get on. It'll be the making of you.'

'Yes, I think so, too,' and the full magnificence of the scheme began to grow in the boy's face. 'It seems to be just the thing I've been hoping for. I can be getting on and seeing the world at the same time.'

'Yes.' The man glanced at the sun and then took his watch from his pocket. 'Well, it's getting on toward show time, and I must hurry back to the fair grounds. Suppose you pick up your things and come with me.'

But the boy drew back.

'Not just yet,' he answered. 'I must think it over. I ain't promised sure. An' I must see the old lady, an' little Hattie, an' go round an' say good-bye to the horse an' cows an' things.'

The man looked impatient.

'I haven't any time for fooling,' he said, shortly. 'Our show leaves the fair grounds to-morrow night. You just said that you would join us.

'Not certain sure,' the boy reiterated. 'I said I thought I would, an' I think I will, but I ain't promised. I will come to the fair grounds to-morrow morning an' let you know.'

'Sure?'

'Yes, certain sure.'

'Very well, don't forget.' Reaching into his pocket the man drew forth a silver dollar and threw it carelessly upon the ground at the boy's feet.

'Here is a small advance on your wages,' he said, with an assumed indifference. 'And remember that riding ponies will be rather better than weeding onions.'

The boy's face flushed as the coin rolled away among the onion tops, and he sprang forward with the intention of returning it to the man. But before it could be found the owner was half way across the field. The boy put the coin in his pocket and returned to his weeding.

Five years before he had been bound to Mrs. Perkins by the overseer of the poor farm, and for a year or two he had liked the change. Mrs. Perkins was a hard worker, but he did not mind that. The boys had been obliged to work at the poor farm, and he was used to it. He liked farm work, and, besides, was very fond of horses and cattle. He was strong and willings, and Mrs. Perkins soon began to congratulate herself on having obtained a prize.

The Perkins farm was small and only kept a few head of stock. Mrs. Perkins made butter and cheese, and always managed to have more or less 'garden sass' on the place. Every Saturday she inspected this and gathered such things as she thought would be saleable and stowed them away in the springless waggon with the butter and eggs and cheese. Then she drove to the nearest market, five miles away, and peddled.

After the boy came the work was much easier. There was now someone to gather things for her and to do the chores. And with this assistance the crops soon became larger.

Gradually she began to plant such new vegetables as she found the market demanded. And the boy assisted her with an enthusiasm that sometimes brought a faint smile of approval to the grim old lips.

One year they put in a larger bed of onions than usual. And this year onions happened to be very scarce and high. The old lady made more from them than from all the rest of the farm.

The next year she insisted on putting in an acre. This meant a great deal of hard work and the practical neglect of the rest of the farm. But Mrs. Perkins was sanguine. If prices remained high it would be a small fortune to her.

When the crop was sold for scarcely enough to pay for the working she was still hopeful. Another year would be better, she said. But the next year was worse. And, yet, for the third time the acre of onions was put in and the rest of the farm neglected.

By this time the boy had become thoroughly dissatisfied with farming. Day after day and week after week of crouching over the onion field, thinning and weeding and with the hot sun blistering his back, had driven away all the romance of farm life. It took him nearly half a day to thin or weed one of the long, terrible rows. And there were hundreds of them! By the time he reached the end of the field the beginning of it was ready for him again. And so it was all through the long, hot summers. Sometimes he wondered if his back would not become permanently crooked.

He was not easily dissatisfied, but gradually he began to hate the thought of farming. Many times he resolved to run away, to go to sea, to be a soldier,— anything to get away from the hateful onion bed. But there were the horses and cows and chickens, and little Hattie, and so he had remained.

This year the work seemed to him to be harder than usual, and Mrs. Perkins more exacting. For some weeks his mind had been made up to run away at the first opportunity. When he went with Mrs. Perkins to the county fair he had several times been on the point of slipping into the crowd and running away. But for some unaccountable reason he had returned. Now he felt very glad that he had done so. If he had gone he would have missed this glorious opportunity.

After the man left he wondered why he had hesitated to make the bargain secure. Of course he would go! Such a chance never came more than once in a person's lifetime.

Slowly he dragged himself across the field on hands and knees, quite oblivious of the fact that he was pulling almost as many onions as he was weeds. He was thinking of the morrow and its possibilities, and, curiously enough, with his exultation was mingled a keen regret at the thought of leaving little Hattie and the live stock.

It was after sundown before he left the onion field, and went to do his chores, and nearly two hours later, before he went wearily into the house and sat down at the supper table. Mrs. Perkins was in the next room, churning vigorously, while little Hattie stood expectantly near the stove, with a fork in one hand, an empty plate in the other. On the stove a kettle of something was boiling merrily.

As the boy entered the little girl looked up brightly.

'Oh, say!' she called, 'won't you come and see if these are done. I can't tell.'

The boy laughed and walked quickly to her side.

'Why, of course they're done, Hattie!' he exclaimed. 'Don't you see they're bursting open?'

'Well, you sit right down to the table, an' I'll take them up and pour your milk. Ma said for you to eat quick's ever you could an' come in an' help churn.'

He made a slight grimace as he turned toward the table, but she noticed it and said, sympathetically:

'I wish I was big, so I could help more. You must be awful tired.'

'Well, I am, a little,' he admitted,' but I'm used to it. Only, I do wish there wasn't no onions in the world. Anyhow 'tain't going to last long.'

Something in his voice made her look up quickly.

'You—you ain't thinking 'bout what you told me last week, are you?' she asked, anxiously. 'Bout going away? Oh, you mus'n't —never do that. I couldn't get along 'thout you,' and sudden tears filled her big, brown eyes.

The boy shuffled uneasily and tried to avoid looking at her as he moved to the table.

'Seems to me you've got better twisters than common,' he said as he took a crisp doughnut from a plate before him and broke it appreciatively.

'Of course they're better. I made them,' a little tremulously. 'Ma says it's time I was learning to cook things.'

He nodded absently and ate on for some time in silence. Now and then he glanced at her stealthily.

It was a very pretty, sweet face to look at. Hattie was not yet eight, but she was bright and energetic, and was beginning to take her place in the household economy. The dishes and chickens were already look-

ed after by her, and, besides, she helped her mother considerably with the household chores and cooking. Out of work hours she and the bound boy were generally together.

For some time she bustled back and forth between the stove and table, apparently at work, but really watching the boy with stolen, wistful glances. At last she stopped at his side and placed her hand softly on his shoulder.

'I've been thinking every day 'bout what you told me last week,' she said. 'An' I don't like it a bit. You mustn't go. What will the horses an' me, an'—an' everything do without you?'

'But I'll come back, some time, an' bring lots of money an' things,' he remonstrated, in a low voice. 'You don't understand, Hattie. I can't stay here long with that onion bed.'

The child was silent for several minutes, then she said, abruptly:

'I was down in the birches to-day, looking at our old snares. Don't you want to set some more this winter?'

He nodded, doubtfully.

'An' when I came back 'cross the lot,' she went on, 'the pony run up to me an' put his nose in my hand. What do you s'pose he said?'

'I don't know. What was it?' looking at her curiously.

'Well, he told me—with his eyes, you know—that he wouldn't be able to stand your going off, nohow. He said he'd run away, an' break fences, an' do everything naughty. He said I might tell you if I wanted to, he didn't care. An',' looking at him gravely, 'I 'spect I'll run off, too.'

'Come, come! Do you intend to eat all night,' came a sharp voice from the next room. 'Somebody must tend to this churn while I look after the cheese-curd.'

The boy rose hurriedly from the table and left the room. Hattie looked after him wistfully, and then began to gather up the dishes and carry them to the sink.

For some reason the butter did not come easy that night, and it was after ten o'clock when he went wearily upstairs to his room.

But he did not go to sleep. Hour after hour he sat by the window, gazing absently at the moon which came up from behind the trees and finally disappeared round a gable of the house. At last he rose and crept stealthily downstairs and out through the back entry.

When he reached the fair grounds he found that all the gates were closed. It still lacked an hour of daylight. So he sat down on a stone and waited.

After what seemed a long time one of the large gates opened and a man came out leading several horses. The boy stepped quickly forward.

'Can I go inside a few minutes an' see a man?' he asked anxiously.

'If ye've got anything to do with the fair grounds, I s'pose ye can,' the man answered, good-naturedly. 'This gate is jest for folks who've got a right here—teamsters and standkeepers, an' them sort. Visitors' gate ain't open yet.'

'But I don't belong to the fair. Only I'm in a hurry to see a man.

'Oh, well, I guess it's all right.'

The Wild West man was giving some directions to one of his subordinates when he saw the boy approach.

'So you've come, have you,' he said, with a slight nod. 'Well, you may go along with this man. He'll show you the ropes.'

'But I ain't going, the boy answered, quickly. 'Here's you're dollar.'

The man looked angry.

'You can't back out now,' he said, sharply. 'You've taken an advance on your wages. Just you go with this man and don't give me any more of your impudence.'

'I won't. I didn't promise,' and with a quick movement the dollar was thrust into the man's hand, and the boy turned and hurried back toward the gate. For a moment the man seemed tempted to follow, then he turned away with a muttered imprecation.

Mrs. Perkins rose earlier than usual this morning. But instead of calling the boy, as she was accustomed to, she set quietly about doing the chores herself. After breakfast she took a hoe and started toward the onion field.

But before she reached it she met the boy coming across the field. His face was flushed from violent running, and there was something of the old sparkle in his eyes.

'Well?' she asked, gruffly.

'I—I went to see a man,' he stammered, 'an'—couldn't get back any sooner.'

'I know,' she said, calmly. 'You mean the circus man. I was in the raz'berry patch yesterday and heard all you said. I didn't say anything, for I don't want no unwilling workers on my place. You can go when you want to, without running away.'

'But I don't want to go, now,' he said, earnestly.

Her face softened.

'Well, I'm glad of it. You've been a good boy, and I'd like to keep you. Here, you can take the hoe and I'll go back to the house.' She hesitated a little, then asked more gently:

'You're about fifteen, I b'lieve?'

'Yes'm.'

'Old enough to be a pretty good farmer. I've been thinking I ain't done very well with onions lately, an' that it'll only be fair to let you see what you can do. Next year you may put in whatever you think best, and we'll se how it'll come out. We won't plant any onions.'

The Hero of the Brigade.

Mike was the pet of the fire brigade men. He was only ten, quite a little boy in fact, but he liked to be considered a man. His father had belonged to the fire brigade, and he died from wounds inflicted while endeavoring to save the inmates of a burning house. His mother had died from the shock, and had left behind her little baby boy, Mike, when he was only a few days old.

Another fireman's wife had taken the tiny fellow to nurse with her own children, and he had been called Michael, after his father. As he grew up he loved to go to drill with the brigade men, and to watch them cleaning the brass of the big fire engines and escapes. He would run, fetch, and carry for the reward of hearing some story about people rescued from burning houses, and so on. If any boy were liable to be spoilt, that boy would have been Mike, but it seemed impossible to spoil him. He was always obedient to his foster-parents and teachers, and unselfish toward the children when he played with them.

Mike's ambition was to go on the fire engines with the men when they were called to action. He had often pleaded to be allowed to go, but in vain.

One night as he lay dreaming, a strange light seemed to fill the room through the window from outside. Then the cries and shouts of men and women from the street below filled his ears. Something was on fire! For a moment his brain grew dizzy, and he felt afraid, for he knew that the fire must be near. Then he jumped up and looked out of the window.

The fire station was built with two great wings from the main building, and between them was a large courtyard. In this courtyard Mike could see a throng of people looking up toward the house, their faces lit by some light which came from above—whence he could not tell. With trembling hands he pushed up the window and looked up. The flames came from the roof of the very building he was in. The fire was quite close to him!

When the people saw Mike at the window they gave a great shout.

The little fellow looked down on the great seething mass of faces, and then above and around at the huge flames leaping and jumping higher and higher. They seemed to be closing in all around him. He wondered how it was he had been left there alone, when a child's cry of fear made him turn round to see little Willie, a child of three, come through his bedroom door. As the door was opened, a volume of dense smoke poured in, and beyond Mike could see the angry red flames that curled up and up. For a moment the smoke blinded him; then he rushed forward and slammed the door to, clasping the little sobbing boy in his arms.

'I'se so fwightened,' Willie whimpered.

'Hush! hush!' said Mike soothingly to the little fellow, who was motherless like himself, and a great favorite. 'Mike will take care of you.'

This he said with great courage, but feeling as if he were telling a story, for he was perplexed and bewildered, and saw no way of escape.

He took Willie to the window, and called and shouted to the people below. They called and shouted in return, and in the din and roar of voices Mike could scarcely hear what they said. It seemed as if they were bidding him have courage, that the fire escapes were all in use on the other wing of the building, and that help was coming.

He tried to be brave for Willie's sake, who was quite happy now he was no longer alone. He clapped his hands with glee as he saw the flames leaping up and laughed in childish mirth as he watched the people below.

'What are they all doing, Mike?' he asked.

And Mike, who saw the smoke slowly creeping in under the bedroom door and heard the hissing and crackling of the burning wood, laughed too, watching all the time for the promised help to come.

Then he saw the firemen take a large blanket and hold it under the window where he stood, and which was three stories high. He knew what that meant well enough; he had not lived in a fire station all his life for nothing. It meant that he was to leap from the window into the blanket, which would be lowered as he reached it.

For himself he was not afraid, but for Willie. He was such a little chap, and could never be persuaded to jump. He could not throw him into the blanket, for he was but small himself, and he knew instinctively that his strength would not be equal to the task of aiming straight.

With a cry, almost of agony, and a tightening of his arms around Willie's baby form, he hurled himself into the space below.

Cheer after cheer arose from the anxious spectators, but Mike heeded them not, for he was quite stunned by the fall. When he came to it was to find himself and Willie in a warm room with a cosy fire, while his foster-mother was bending over him and trying to get him to drink some cordial.

'Brave boy!' she whispered; and Mike's heart leaped at the words.

Then she explained to him how he had been left behind in the hurry and confusion of the fire alarm. She had taken her two children away, meaning to return for him and Willie. But the fire had gained ground so rapidly that she had been unable to do as she wished.

'But you are safe now, my darling, and little Willie, too. You saved his life, Mike!'

'Oh, no!' cried Mike, flushing all over.

'Yes,' she returned; 'if you had not carried him in your arms he would have dropped on the ground through fright, and have been dashed to pieces, and you risked your life by carrying him too. Every one says so.'

But Mike would not have it. 'There was nothing else to do,' he answered simply, and said the same when he was grown up and a fireman, with more than one medal from the Royal Humane Society for saving lives at the risk of his own.—'Cassell's Little Folks.'

What Can I do for Christ?

What can I do for Christ? is a frequent question raised by young converts. The answer is, first of all, live for Him. our conscientious observance of the Fourth Commandment is your sermon for the Sabbath; and your refusal to touch or offer the wine-glass is your temperance lecture; your strict honesty in the smallest item is your rebuke of trickery in trade; your open obedience to your Lord and Saviour is as eloquent in its way as Spurgeon's best discourse is of its kind.

Do you inquire, 'Where is my field?' It is all field, wherever you go. Of course there are direct Christian activities, that may open to you in mission-schools, prayer-meetings, Young Men's Christian Associations, and elsewhere. But do not compound with your Master for a few hours each week in such special efforts. Preach every day, everywhere, by letting Christ shine out of every chink and crevice of your character; so shall your whole life be full of light. The sermons in shoes are the sermons to convert an ungodly world.—Dr. Cuyler.

Thoughts for Tipplers.

The Lamp and the Pitcher.

Those who profess to follow Christ and say that God's Word teaches the use of strong drink are making God (Who cannot lie, Heb. vi., 18), out to be a liar. They may try to cover it up by saying 'The Hebrew teaches this end and the Greek teaches that,' in order to have their fleshly indulgence gratified, but when they do so they are only making God out a greater liar by their show of learning. God never changes, Mal. iii., 6; therefore God's Word does not teach us to use strong drink. Here is my proof for it:

And I have led you forty years in the wilderness. Ye have not eaten bread, neither have ye drunk wine or strong drink; that ye might know that I am the Lord your God. Deut. xxix., 5, 6.

And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying: Do not drink wine nor strong drinks, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die; it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations. And that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean, Lev. x., 8-10.

Here are a few passages for tippling ministers and church members to consider seriously. Mark the words are 'not wise,' that means all tipplers are foolish:

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Prov. xx. 1.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Prov. xxii., 29-32.

No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. Gal. v., 19-21; 1. Cor. vi., 10.

Good Cooking.

'Good cooking is one of the most effective means of stifling the craving for drink, which is the root of so much evil. Bad cooking is one of the most effective causes of an unequal thirst, and the demand thus created leads very naturally to a supply in the shape of alcoholics. . . . There is probably a mental effect produced by a pleasant, well-cooked meal, which affects the brain and nervous system in an appreciable manner, but one at the same time difficult to explain. Be this as it may, there seems no reason to doubt that good cookery and temperance are sworn allies; carelessness in preparing food, and, it may be added, in feeding at large, is the equally staunch ally of intemperance and excess.'—Dr. Brunton.

Will Have No More of Them.

A prominent railroad man is one of the latest to throw down the gage of battle to the cigarette. He is a general freight agent of a large railroad, and employs many young men as clerks. He has announced that in the future he will not employ any young man addicted to the cigarette habit, and, further than this, he has expressed his intention of getting rid of all cigarette fiends now working in his department. He gives the following as his reason for this decision: 'Among the 200 in my service, 32 are cigarette fiends. Eighty-five per cent. of the mistakes occurring in the office are traceable to the 32 smokers. They fall behind with their work, and when transferred to other desks, which men who do not smoke handle easily, they immediately get along just as badly, showing that it is not the amount of work, but the inability or indolence of the performer. The smokers average "two days off" from work per month, while the non-smokers average only one-half of a day in the same time. The natural conclusion is that 32 young men are holding positions deserved by better men.'

The Cash Value of Sobriety.

Of interest in connection with the action of Emperor William regarding his chauffeurs, is this editorial from a late issue of the Cincinnati 'Post':

The Chicago and Alton Railway Company, in rules recently issued for its employees, forbids men in its employ to visit saloons, race tracks, dance halls or any other resorts where liquor is sold or gambling permitted.

The company makes no pretense of carrying on a moral crusade. It simply strives to live up to business principles, which depend upon the competency and reliability of its men.

Good service, it holds, depends upon steady habits, and both help to insure public safety.

'All the things which are prohibited,' says General Passenger Agent Charlton, 'either tend or might tend permanently or temporarily to impair a man's mental and physical powers.'

This puts the question of temperance and steady habits upon a basis where even the most benighted morally can clearly understand it and see that there is but one practical side to it.

The man who will not hearken to moral appeal is apt to lay great stress upon his regard for the practical. He doesn't care for sentiment—gush, he calls it; he must have hard facts.

Well, here he gets just what he wants. The hard fact is that he must be sober and steady or give up a job where sobriety and steadiness are essential qualities.

And wherever he turns nowadays he finds the same hard fact staring him in the face. In all lines of paying employment sobriety and steadiness are becoming more and more rigidly required.

Time was in this country when its boundless natural resources offered unlimited employment to unskilled and irresponsible men. Then men might disable themselves by drink and unsteady habits, and still get on in a way. But times and conditions have changed marvellously.

To-day competition is strong, and the fittest get to the front and the unfit fall to the rear. Big employers are forced to exercise great care in the selection of men for all grades of work above that of common labor. Success requires able and reliable employees.

It is not a matter of sentiment. It is not a question of abstract morality. It is a matter of business.

Why He Signed the Pledge.

'My reasons for taking the temperance pledge were partly general and partly special,' says Dean Farrar.

1. 'I became convinced that the use of alcohol in any form was not a necessity. I saw that whole nations have lived and flourished without it. I believe that the whole race of man had existed for centuries previous to its discovery.

2. 'I was struck by the indisputable fact that in England 50,000 inhabitants of our prisons, accustomed to strong drink all their lives, and the majority of them brought into prison directly or indirectly by it, could be, and were, from the moment of their imprisonment, absolutely deprived of it, not only without loss but with entire gain to their personal health.

3. 'I derived from the recorded testimony of our most eminent physicians that the use of alcohol is a subtle and manifold source of disease even to thousands who use it in quantities conveniently deemed moderate, also that all the young men, and the healthy and all who eat well and sleep well do not require it, and are better without it.

4. 'Then the carefully drawn statistics of many insurance companies convinced me that total abstinence, so far from shortening life, distinctly and indisputably conduced to longevity.

5. 'Then I accumulated proof that drink is so far from being requisite to physical strength and intellectual force that many of our greatest athletes, from the days of Samson onward, whose drink was only the crystal brook, have achieved without alcohol mightier feats than have been achieved with it.

6. 'And besides all this, I know that the life of man always gains by abolishing needless expenses and vaiding artificial wants. Benjamin Franklin said a hundred years ago, "Temperance puts wood on the fire, meat in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, clothes on the bairns, intelligence in the brain and spirit in the constitution."'—'Happy Home.'

Not Needed.

To be Recited by Six Boys.

First.

Even preachers used to think
They must take a little drink
Just to help them preach and think.
But the preachers of to-day,
They have found a better way,
As a thousand of them say.
And as teach they Christ doth call
Others to help those in thrall,
We should be abstainers all.

Second.

Some folks tell us if when we
Healthy are as we can be,
And we need not to wine to flee
Yet that when we lie in pain
It is folly to abstain,
For drink makes men well again.
But we're sure this is not so,
E'en grand doctors, who should know,
Teaching us 'tis but a foe.

Third.

Learned lawyers, with keen eyes,
Used to say drink made them wise,
And would temperance ways despise.
So did also merchants grand,
And clerks sitting pen in hand,
Writing about gold and land.
But now know they business grave
Needs no alcohol to save
From swift failure, or the grave.

Fourth.

Sailors on the wide, deep sea,
Used to shout drink made them free,
Bringing jollity and glee.
So did soldiers on the shore,
Fearing victory would be o'er
If they ale should drink no more.
But how many sail or fight
Now without the grog-cup's might,
Nor are they less brave and bright.

Fifth.

Yea, all men of old were taught,
Those who sold, and those who bought,
Those in house or field who wrought—
Whether working, too, in heat
Or where rough rains on them beat,
Or with brain, or hands, or feet—
That to help them day by day
Alcohol must be their stay;
But we've learned a better way.

Sixth.

Therefore we the pledge have signed,
And have alcohol resigned,
As a bane to all mankind.
For if numbers without drink
Preach, and write, and work, and think,
From the same we need not shrink,
And if everyone that's here
Would sign, too, and give up beer,
We would give you all a cheer.

All.

Yes, do sign, if you have not;
Even now cast in your lot
With those who'd remove drink's blot,
Sign and help to do away
With the tyrant's power we pray,
Sign, nor wait another day.
Then will we not give a shout,
When we've turned the tempter out?
So please sign, nor longer doubt.

—Selected.

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Not to be Taken Away.

It may not be ours to utter
The words that forever ring
In the great world's ear as a blessing;
It may not be ours to bring
The pearls of a gracious wisdom
All wealth of mines above;
But, oh, the sweet comfort of it,
It is always ours to love!

It may not be ours to scatter
Largess of our well-won gold
To the poor we see about us,
And hearts that are hard and cold;
It may not be ours in gladness,
A strength for the weak to prove;

But, sweetest and richest and greatest,
It is always ours to love.
Only a few may be famous,
Wealthy and wise and strong;
But to the least among us
The privilege may belong
Of loving, and finding in it
A glorious treasure-trove;
For of all gifts none surpasses
The beautiful gift of love.

—L. M. Montgomery.

A Christian Mother.

Some time ago a distinguished citizen of Indiana—an old man—was telling his daughter of a terrible temptation to which he was exposed when a young man. All who then knew him had confidence in him; and in those days, when railroads were unknown, he was entrusted with $22,000 to carry and deliver in the then distant city of Cincinnati.

He had gone part of the way, as far as the hills that overlook the Ohio River, as one approaches Lawrenceburgh from the interior, some twenty miles from the city. That river was then the great thoroughfare of commerce, covered with rafts and flax-boats and steamers ascending and descending and carrying passengers to the Gulf of Mexico, which was then the gateway to every part of the world. And as he rose to the top of the hill and looked upon the noble stream, the thought flashed upon his mind that he had but to sell his horse and take the money which he bore, and with it he might safely flee beyond the reach of pursuit. Then there was no telegraph to send on the lightning's wing the tidings of his guilt, no detective police to track the steps of his flight, no extradition treaties to arrest and bring him back as a guilty felon. The world was before him in which he might choose a home, and the money he bore was a fortune for those early days.

But the thought, the temptation, as he said to his daughter, was the tenant of his mind only for a moment. It found no lodgment there. And from what come his rescue—his deliverance from the temptation, his safety in this moment of peril? It was the thought of his aged mother, away over rivers and mountains, a thousand miles distant, in the far-off humble farmhouse, reading to her boy from the Word of God and telling him of truth and duty and pointing him to the life he should live on earth, and in which he would be prepared to meet her in heaven.

The thought of his mother had saved him in the hour of temptation. And from that time, and through all his life, he endeavored to live as she had taught him, and so as to meet her in the mansions of the blest!

And this case is not an exceptional one. Many a young man at school or in college life has been saved from dissipation, from neglect of study, from intemperance, from licentiousness, from evil associates, by the thought of a Christian mother and of her instructions and prayers for him. The faithfulness of the mother is often the salvation of the child.—'Messenger.'

The Care of the Flat-iron.

Many housekeepers are annoyed by their flat-irons becoming rusty from dampness in the cupboard. This may be easily prevented. Before putting the irons away after ironing is finished, rub them with a little warm grease on a piece of soft paper and wrap them in thick brown paper. When they are to be used again dip them into very hot water with a little soda dissolved in it, and wipe them dry before putting them over the fire to heat. When taken from the fire for the ironing have some brown paper on the table with a little powdered bath brick on it and rub the iron on this. Have a piece of paraffin tied in a muslin bag, rub this lightly over the iron and then polish it on a soft cloth. This almost takes longer in the telling than the actual work does, but the process makes the iron delightfully smooth and easy to use, and consequently one may get over the clothes more quickly. Flat-irons frequently receive very little care, and snowy white clothes too often are spoiled by them. They should be kept immaculately clean.—'Housekeeper.'

Correspondence

O., Man.

Dear Editor,—We have had a very severe winter, and lots of snow, and find it quite different in Manitoba from the United States, or the State of Iowa, where I came from four years ago in March. I have four sisters and two brothers, the oldest sister and brother are married, and still live in Iowa. We live on a farm two miles from O., and attend the Presbyterian Sunday school and church there. We live one and three-quarter miles from school. I am in the fifth grade, but on account of the snow being so deep there have been very few scholars at school this winter.

IVA HAZEL TUCKER (aged 12 years.)

S., Que.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from here, I thought I would like to write one. I have two brothers and one sister. We go to school every day, except when it is too cold. We have over a mile to walk. We live on a farm, and have two horses. I like to ride horse back. We have a nice collie dog called Sandy. I will close with some riddles:—

1. What is the difference between a head covered with jet black hair and a bald head?

2. Why do girls kiss each other, and men do not?

ELMOR TAYLOR (aged 9.)

V., Que.

Dear Editor,—My sister Bertha and I are staying at V. for a while, with our brother-in-law. This is a nice place. The snow is very deep now, but I hope spring time will soon be here. I am twelve years old, and in the third book. I have three sisters and four brothers.

MABEL F. METCALF.

[You did not send the answer to your riddle, Mabel, so it has to be left out.—Ed.]

I., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and no sister. I am ten years old, and go to school every day, when I don't have a cold, or get sick, or something else keeps me home. I am in the third reader. Our school is two miles away. I have not been to school this week, for I have a cold. My brother, Charlie, has got the measels, too, and I expect to have them also. I want them now, before I get to be a man. I won't want to take the time to have them then. I have one grandmother living, and she is very lame. We are having a cold winter here. There is a good deal of sickness around just now. My father is a farmer, and he is getting out his wood just now, which is slow work for one. I will close by giving a conundrum: Why is a kiss spelled with two s's?

FRED DOUGLAS.

H. F., Sask.

Dear Editor,—We are having very cold weather here. There is about two or three feet of snow on the prairie. There is no coal to be bought around here. There are about six or seven going to our school. We lost a little sister since I wrote last to the 'Messenger.' She was two years old.

AGNES ACTON.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am seven years old, and go to school every day. I am in the senior first class. I go to the Baptist Church Sunday School, where I get the 'Messenger,' and papa reads it to me when I come home. I like the letters and drawings best, and the page for 'Little Folks.' I have a little sister; her name is Marjorie. We have a cow and calf, some hens, and two cats; one of them is ten years old. We have good sleighing here now, so I get lots of sleigh drives.

HUGH ROBERTSON.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy six years old. My father is a farmer. I have one brother and one sister younger than myself. I have been living at my grandpa's since last November, and my auntie teaches me, as it is too cold and stormy for me to go to school. The school teacher puts on his snowshoes and takes me for a ride on my sleigh. He takes me over the drifts of snow, and we have lots of fun. I go to Sunday school, and get the 'Messenger.' I like the letters very much that the boys and girls write.

MURRAY McLEAN.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live with my uncle on a farm, and we always have lots of work to do. My father and mother are both dead. I have just gone through an operation for appendicitis. I was operated on the 31st of December, and am just able to sit up in a chair. I will send a riddle: Why is kiss spelled with two s's?

K. MAY EVANS.

OUR PICTURES

1. 'Little Miss Sunshine,' Bessie Templeton (aged 11), T., Ont.
2. 'Dan Patch.' Ralph Maynard, C., Mich.
3. 'A Tiger.' Almeta H. (aged 11), T., Ont.
4. 'In the meadow.' Richard Thomson, U., Ont.
5. 'A Frog.' Bryson Wilson (aged 9), A., Ont.
6. 'Mary and Her Doll.' Minnie Newcomb, M., N. B.
7. 'Golden Bradshaw.' Agnest ActonP, H., Sask.
8. 'My Kitty Blue Bell.' Lena B. Hicks, (aged 11), M. S., N.B.
9. 'Two Friends.' Robert J. Thomson (aged 12), U., Ont.
10. 'A Swan.' Eric McBain (aged 10), A., Ont.
11. 'A Beaver.' Mina May Cameron, I. E. R., N. S.
12. 'Feeding the Hens.' Peter McKerchar, M., Ont.

M. E., Ill.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 10 years old. I have no sisters or brothers. My mamma is dead, and I am staying with my grandpa. For pets we have five cats. We live about two miles from the river, on a farm. I went to school five months this winter, and was not absent a day. I have a half mile to go to school. I help my grandma do some of the work. I have plenty of playthings. At school we have lots of fun, snow-balling each other. The water has been very high. It got up in the fields and froze, and the boys had great fun skating on it. It is a nice place out here; I like it very well. In the summer, at school, we play ball, and just have a good time.

ELSIE WHEAT.

OTHER LETTERS.

Verna E. Ferguson, P., Ont., is only nine years old, but she can help with the milking already. She sends several riddles that have, however, been asked before.

Minto McLaren, D., Ont., is the same age as Verna. She says they built a new bank barn last summer, and that there was a lot of work to do. The riddle enclosed has been asked before.

Sidney Gordon, K., Que., has lately lost a pet dog, which was killed by a train. These are two riddles sent in this letter. 1. Why is a severe school master like an eye? 2. Which is the queen of roses?

M. R. V., P., N.S., answers two riddles, of which the answers have since been published. She says there has been a good thaw at her home. Yes, spring is certainly sending out advance notices of its coming all over the country, and who won't be glad to see the flowers again?

Jeanie May Rintoul, G., Ont., lives five miles away from the church she attends, so they have a service every week in the school house. Glad to hear this is well attended, Jeanie.

George Silas Maveety, B., Ont., sends in several riddles, but they have all been asked before.

Robina Johnson, V., N.S., says they have had no school lately because there was a case of smallpox there. We hope that all danger is over by now.

A. M. Fulton, G. V., N.S., asks, When is a tourist in Ireland like a donkey? The other riddles enclosed have been asked before.

Kathleen McKerchar, M., Ont., says they have had lots of fun this winter with their sleighs. Your question has been asked before, Kathleen.

Annie Goudie, I., Ont., also reports a fine winter and lots of fun sliding and making snowmen. Certainly we shall use your drawing sometime, Annie. Two other drawings that come with Annie's, from Miriam and Dorothy Dumbrill, will also be published later. Miriam's drawing is on the back of her letter, so it will be impossible to publish both. One only can be used in that case.

B. M., H., Ont., also sends a drawing, and hopes to see it printed at once. That can not be done. But when there is opportunity this drawing too will find a place.

Maggie Wilson, A., Ont., sends this question—What is the best time to study Nature?

Violet Smith, M., Que., sends a drawing for Easter. It is very well done, but then Violet's drawings always are. We hope you will get the prize you are trying for, Violet.

Katie McKay, M., N.S., forgot to send answers with her riddles.

Amelia D. L., D., N.S., answers Ernest C. Hambrook's second riddle (March 8)— the letter m. Your riddle has been asked before, Amelia.

M. J. D., M., Ont., is a small boy of seven, who has lived on a farm all his life, and they have one horse that is 26 years old.

Nettie and Lawrence Wylie write from G., Ont. Their school is up-to-date, for it has both a flag and a library.

Dave Armstrong, E., Ont., Velma J. Moore, E., N.S.; Gilbert Caunt, W., Man.; and Gordon Scott, H., Man., all send riddles that have been asked before.

We have also received nice little letters from Elizabeth M. Sims, P., N.S.; Lela S. Acorn, M.V., P.E.I.; Leroy Sweeney, W., Man.; and Alice M. Wilson, M., Man.

LESSON—MARCH 31, 1907.

Review for the Quarter.

Read Psalm civ.

Golden Text.

The Lord knoweth them that are his. II. Tim. ii., 19.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 25.—Ps. civ., 1-18.
Tuesday, March 26.—Ps. civ., 19-35.
Wednesday, March 27.—Ps. cv., 1-15.
Thursday, March 28.—Ps. cxlv., 1-21.
Friday, March 29.—Ps. cxlviii., 1-14.
Saturday, March 30.—Acts vii., 1-8.
Sunday, March 31.—Heb. xi., 1-20.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

The teacher of the younger class has to combat the natural restlessness of his charges and their wandering attention. It is particularly hard to do justice to the review. Of course in the infant class there is the brilliantly colored picture-roll to attract and rivet attention while the story is being briefly reviewed, but the little people not long out of this class miss the many devices that were used to interest them, and, especially at review where so many ideas are presented, it may be as well to revert to some such methods to a certain extent. There might be provided as many strips of colored paper for each lesson as there are scholars in the class, such paper as is used in kindergarten work, colored on one side, plain on the other. The colors might be as follows: white for the first lesson to signify the fresh, pure, world; light green for the second to represent the pleasant garden of Eden; third, light red to indicate the first touch of sin; fourth, dark crimson to show the rapid growth of sin in the murder of Abel; fifth, white again, standing for the fresh opportunity given the world of Noah's descendants; sixth, green again, representing the fertile land of Canaan to which God led Abraham; seventh, grey, to show the cloud that settled over Lot on account of his worldly ambitions; eighth, golden or yellow, for God's glorious promise to Abraham; ninth, red and white, for the sin of the cities of the plain and Abraham's pity; tenth, green and white, for Isaac's peaceful life in Canaan; and eleventh, black, to stand for Jacob's black deception. On the plain sides of these narrow strips should be written plainly or printed, the golden text for each lesson, and a supply of small pins should be on hand. The object is to make a chain, using each strip as one of the links. The teacher might open in this way:

Suppose you bought a dozen apples for a quarter, you would like them to be good ones, wouldn't you? Well, we have been spending a whole quarter of a year on just one dozen lessons, and it is time now to go over these lessons, and see how much worth while it has been to spend all this time upon them. The last lesson we had was on temperance, and since that was only last Sunday's lesson, we have not had time to forget it. For the others we have here various strips of paper, and just to see how closely they are all linked together we are going to make these strips into a complete chain. Take the top white strip, for instance; this stands for the first lesson we studied this year, the story of creation and the pure new world. Ask several questions and have the children read over the golden text before they pin the two ends together to make the first link. Now take up the pale green strip—this lesson follows right on to the other, and the green stands for the Garden of Eden in which God placed man.

This plan can be easily followed throughout the review, and if there is time the children may undo their chains again, various members of the class being asked to give something about each lesson as its link is taken off.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The lessons that have formed the past quarter's study are taken from one of the most disputed portions of the Bible, and while the Christian must not relinquish his stand that the Bible is the God-given record of His dealings with man, a teacher should meet with courteous interest the questions that thoughtful scholars may bring up. It is true that great and thoughtful minds have professed to see discrepancies between the Bible narrative and the actual discoveries of science, but it is equally true that many minds quite as powerful see only the profoundest harmony between the divine revelation and ascertained truth, while many one-time strongholds of captious criticism have been demolished by more recent discoveries, and the Bible statements vindicated. However, the human mind is actually incapable of comprehending much of those truths which in theory it knows, and it would be a pitifully poor religion whose every revealed truth could be ticked off by a corresponding certification of human knowledge. 'Without faith it is impossible to please God.'

POINTS ON THE LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's 'Notes.')

Geology confirms the statement that visible nature had a beginning. 'A system of progress or development in the earth as much implies that it had a beginning, as that in any plant or animal. . . . If this is true of one sphere in space, we may rightly take another step and assert that the universe had its beginning.'—Prof. Wm. North Rice's 'Revision of Dana's Geology, 1903.'

The two great essential foundations of man's progress and true prosperity were ordained at the very beginning,—the family and the Sabbath. These two primeval institutions, kept sacred and wisely used, are the remedy for most of our social and moral evils.

The glory of man is that he is made in the image of God. Herein is hope, joy, life, and immortality. This fact makes life worth living.

'Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.'

It is from this revealed fact of our origin that we are able to know what we need to know about God our Father. 'Only a personal God could create a person.' Summing up the highest and best that is in man, we know that God has will, and conscience, and affections, and is as really a person as we are persons. He is not merely, 'a bright essence increate,' 'a power that makes for righteousness,' but a personality.

'We must not think that if man had not sinned his body would not have passed away, that death would not have been. No; but that death, by sin, became death; otherwise it would have been simply a transition to a higher state of being.'—Robertson.

A great danger was averted (Gen. ix., 1-6). When God promised that there should be never again a destruction of the race there was great danger that any man might interpret it that no matter what violence he did to others he could live on unpunished, and thus the world could easily perish by a flood of violence, even if it escaped a flood of waters. Instead of the destruction of the race the individual murderer was condemned to death, righteously, for our pity should be more for the multitude of the innocent, who otherwise would suffer, than for the justly punished murderer. The mock humanity that gives flowers to the murderer, but a grave to his victim, is no sign that divine love to man is increasing.

(From Tarbell's 'Guide.')

With Abraham there is introduced the first step in a method adopted by God in the training of men. The dispersion of men and the divergence of their languages are now seen to have been the necessary preliminary to this step in the education of the world—the fencing round of one people till they should learn to know God and understand and exemplify His government. It is true, God reveals Himself to all men and governs all; but, by selecting one race with special adaptations, and by giving to it a special training, God might more securely and more rapidly reveal Himself to all. . . . God meant to combine allegiance to Himself with national advantages, and spiritual with national character, and preparation in belief with distinctly outlined and defensible territory.

This method, in common with all divine methods, was in strict keeping with the natural evolution of history. The migration of Abraham occurred in the epoch of migrations. But although for centuries before Abraham new nations had been forming, none of them had belief in God as the formative principle. Wave upon wave of warriors, shepherds, colonists have left the prolific plains of Mesopotamia. Swarm after swarm have left that busy hive, pushing one another farther and farther west and east, but all have been urged by natural impulses, by hunger, commerce, love of adventure, and conquest. But at last God selects one man and says, 'I will make of thee a great nation.' The origin of this nation is not facile love of change nor lust of territory, but belief in God. No other account can be given of its origin. Abraham is himself already the member of a tribe well-off and likely to be well-off; he has no large family to provide for, but he is separated from his kindred and country, and led out to be himself a new beginning, and this because, as he himself throughout his life said, he heard God's call and responded to it. —Marcus Dods, 'Expositor's Bible.'

'You will never habitually speak the truth if you aim only to speak it,' it has been well said: 'you must aim to live it. You must aim at being the truth. Truth must be the genius of your life. The habit of speaking the truth implies the whole cast of life.' Only that one can live the truth who is a sincere follower of Him Whose whole life was truth, to Whom uprightness was the very life of His life.

As you shrink from a lie in your speech and in your character, do not accustom yourselves to meditate on shams, fictions, and current errors; rather bring before your mind 'whatsoever things are true.'—George C. Lorimer.

Be truthful; this holds unconditionally; but speak the truth does not hold unconditionally.—Freidrich Paulsen.

As citizens, men despise the birthright.—Benson.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 31.—Topic—Home missions: The progress of the Afro-American. Ps. cxvi., 16-19.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Monday, March 25.—Pursuing evil. Prov. xi., 19.
Tuesday, March 26.—Idleness. Prov. xix., 15.
Wednesday, March 27.—Slothfulness. Prov. vi., 9-11.
Thursday, March 28.—Bad company. Prov. xxviii., 7.
Friday, March 29.—Wine-drinking. Prov. xxiii., 29, 30.
Saturday, March 30.—Lovers of pleasure. Prov. xxi., 17.
Sunday, March 31.—Topic—The road to poverty. Prov. xxiii., 20, 21. (Temperance meeting.)

'Good Morning!'

'How do you do, little boy?'
'How do you do, little girl?'
'It's very bad weather,' said she.

And the little boy said,
With hair all a-curl,
'It's just as bad as can be.'

'Put up your umbrella, little boy,
Or I'm afraid very damp you will get.'
'I would,' said the boy, and he smiled in his joy.
'But, you see, it would get so wet.'

—'Leading Strings,' Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.

The Sign of the Stork.

In a certain town in Norway the figure of a stork appears on the church and over many of the houses. Tourists who go there often find on sale on every hand images of the stork in silver and gilt, or carved in wood. The story of the origin of this sign of the stork is unusual and most interesting. The hero of the tale is Conrad Jonassen, whose name, in that district, will be always associated with the stork.

Many years ago, when Conrad was a boy, a stork built its nest on the roof of his house. Conrad and his mother fed the bird, and so encouraged its return.

In time the boy went to sea. One day the ship fell into the hands of pirates, and Conrad, with his shipmates, was sold into slavery in Africa.

Hardships and indignities of all sorts were heaped upon them for three years. One day Conrad saw a stork flying about overhead, and was filled with homesick longings. He whistled to the bird as he used to do at home, and to his delight the stork came near and finally alighted, as if expecting to be fed.

He had nothing to give the bird then, but the next day he saved a part of his breakfast, hoping that the stork would come again. It did, and for several days it continued to come.

At length it occurred to the homesick slave that the stork would soon be flying north again, and like an inspiration came the thought that by means of the bird he could send a message which might possibly fall into the hands of friends.

He wrote a few lines on a bit of tough paper and bound it fast to the stork's leg. A few days later the bird disappeared.

One day Mrs. Jonassen noticed the stork, which had returned again to its nest on the roof, picking at something on its leg. She fed the bird, caught it and removed the bit of paper. Fancy the mother's feelings when she found it to be a message from her own son, long since given up for lost!

It would be too long a story to tell of the interest of the parish, of the money raised, the expedition sent to rescue Conrad and his mates. All this took place, however, and Conrad Jonassen came home. In after years he became a rich man, and did much for the welfare of his native town. The stork was never forgotten, and it is small wonder that it became the emblem of the Norwegian town.—'The Child's Companion.'

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A Little Girl With Three Names.

(By Helen M. Richardson, in 'The Child's Hour.')

When she was good her mother called her Helene; but if she had done anything very naughty, it was always her whole name, Helene Zeniade, that she heard.

She liked her father's name for her, 'Little Miss Mischief,' better than either, because there was always a twinkle in his eye when he said it. 'Helene Zeniade' suggested naughtiness, 'Little Miss Mischief' meant fun.

It wasn't much fun to hear her mother say: 'Helene Zeniade, I am astonished! Somehow the little girl had got to feeling that she was always doing astonishing things, now-a-days, because her mother said 'Helene Zeniade' so often.

One day Helene went into the dining-room after dinner, and discovered some pretty new dishes on the sideboard. There was a mug, and a bowl, and a pitcher, and a

queer looking thing with two handles; if it had not been so tall Helene would have called it a sugar-bowl.

'I'll have a party all by myself,' thought 'Little Miss Mischief,' with the twinkle in her eye that always meant 'fun.'

She opened a drawer and found a spoon; that looked queer, too. It was large and deep and made of wood,—a Japanese nut spoon that Helene never had seen before.

'What a lot of new sings mamma has dot!' she said to herself. She held the spoon in her hand for a a moment, wondering what she should do next. It was not a bit like the silver spoons her mother generally used; it was red and black, with funny little Japanese figures in gilt all over it.

'I'll make some candy!' suddenly exclaimed Helene Zeniade. She had seen her mother make candy out of sugar and water, and Helene determined to try her hand at it.

'How s'prised mamma will be when she finds I can make candy, too!' Helene exclaimed, pattering out into the kitchen. 'I'll have it all done when she comes down from her nap,' the busy little cook went on, diving her wooden spoon down into the sugar bucket.

'I'll mix it in this pretty bowl,' she decided, lifting the pretty china dish from the side-board. 'It looks prettier than that old kettle mamma uses,' she assured herself.

Then into the bowl went the sugar and water; and in, too, went the painted wooden spoon, and then on the stove went both.

Helene stirred and stirred; and as she stirred the mixture grew pink.

'Oh, how pretty!' she exclaimed. 'I love pink candy! I wonder why mamma never makes it!'

The more she stirred, the pinker the mixture grew. Then—mercy! What was the matter with the spoon? All the bright colors had blurred, to an unsightly mess of black and red and yellow. Meanwhile, the candy grew pinker and pinker. At this stage, Helene decided to taste of it.

'It isn't as dood as mamma's candy,' mused the little cook. But she decided to spread it on a plate to dry off, just as she had seen her mother do.

'P'r'aps mamma will like it,' was her next thought, as she proceeded to mark it off into squares.

By this time Mrs. Weston had finished her nap and was wondering what had become of Helene. Usually the restless little girl tiptoed into her mother's room several times during her afternoon nap, but to day not once had she appeared.

'There must be mischief brewing,' her mother assured herself. Not a sound could she hear as she descended the stairs. The parlor was empty, and so was the dining-room; but the kitchen—'Ah, here is my little girl!' she exclaimed. 'What are you doing, dear?'

'Making candy for you,' sweetly replied the busy little maid.

At the sight of Helene's pink lips and pinker fingers, her mother cried out: 'Helene Zeniade, what are you up to?' Then, noting the spoon and bowl, and the pink concoction, she seized Helene by one of her sticky little hands and rushed her up to the nursery, where she mixed something in a cup that did not taste nearly as good to Helene as what her mother had styled her 'pink poison' mixture, and told her to drink it quickly.

My! how Helene wished that she had not made the candy, for her mother threw every bit of it away without even tasting it, and without giving poor Helene another chance to taste it, either.

'I was learning to make candy,' explained 'Little Miss Mischief,' when her mother asked why she had taken the dishes from the sideboard.

When her mother explained to her that what she called the 'lovely pink color' of her candy was poisonous paint, which came from the spoon she had used to mix it with; and when Helene saw the spoon she had so much admired with all the color washed off, she began to understand that she really had been naughty.

'But why did you give me the nasty medicine, mamma?' questioned the little girl.

'To keep the paint which came off the spoon from making you sick,' was the answer.

'Would I have been sick if I had not taken it?' Helene persisted.

'Most likely,' replied her mother.

Then 'Little Miss Mischief Helene Zeniade,' quite a long name for such a small girl, climbed to her mother's lap and nestled her curly head against her shoulder, while a very thoughtful look crept into her face.

'I dess it is better to play wiv my own sings, and let grown-up dishes alone,' she confided.

'Much better and wiser,' replied her mother. 'You might then lose the name of 'Little Mischief,' and mamma might forget to say 'Helene Zeniade' quite so often.'

Two Kinds of a Boy.

'Splain Me This.'

I want to ask a question;
Now, 'splain me this who can:
Why, 'tis when I get hurt,
I'm mother's great big man.
'Too large, of course and brave to cry;'
But when I ask for cheese,
Or maybe pickles with my lunch,
Why, then—now listen, please—
Oh, no, I'm 'too little dear,
Must eat nice milk and bread?'
I think and worry over this
Until it hurts my head;
And I'd be very much obliged,
If some one would tell me,
Just 'zactly what's the proper size
A feller ought to be.—Selected.

Selfish and Lend-a-Hand.

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-hand
Went journeying up and down the land.
On Lend-a-hand the sunshine smiled;
The wild flowers bloomed for the happy child,
Birds greeted her from many a tree,
But Selfish said, 'No one loves me.'

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-hand
Went journeying home across the land.
Miss Selfish met with trouble and loss;
The weather was bad, the folks were cross.
Lend-a-hand said, when the journey was o'er,
'I never had such a good time before.'

—Mrs. Mary F. Butts, in 'Christian Guardian.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The Toilers.

All day the toilers sigh for rest,
  Nor find it anywhere.
The sun sinks in the darkling west,
  And they forget their care;
Tired hands are folded on each breast;
  The Lord hath heard their prayer!

Through all our lives we pray for rest,
  Nor find it anywhere,
Then comes the Night, with balmy breast
  And soothes us unaware.
I wonder much—'And is it Death,
  Or but an answered prayer?'

—The 'Century.'

The Love Cure.

The windows of the great house were darkened, the door-bell muffled and the pavement in front strewn with straw, while the physician's carriage waited long outside.

In the hushed chambers Mrs. Allison lay still with closed eyes. Doctor and nurse bent over her in anxious ministration, but the expression on her wan features never altered, and beyond a faint monosyllable elicited with difficulty in reply to a question, no words came from the pallid lips. The watchers exchanged significant glances.

'I will be back in an hour,' said the doctor, glancing at his watch.

As he stepped into the hall a waiting figure came forward to meet him.

'How is she now, doctor?'

The doctor shook his head.

'Shall we go into the next room, Mr. Allison?' said he. 'I will speak with freedom there.'

The two men sat facing each other, Mr. Allison grasping the arms of the chair as if to steady himself. The lines of his strong, masterful face were drawn and drops stood on his forehead.

'May I venture to ask you a delicate question, Mr. Allison?' said the physician. 'Can it be that some secret grief or anxiety is preying upon your wife's mind?'

'Secret grief—anxiety? Certainly not! My dear doctor, how could you imagine such a thing?'

'I beg pardon, Mr. Allison. It occurred to me only as the remotest possibility. The facts of the case are these: The force of Mrs. Allison's disease is broken, and she is absolutely without fever. Yet she shows no sign of rallying. On the contrary, she constantly grows weaker. It is impossible to arouse her. There seems to be not only no physical response to the remedies employed, but she apparently lacks even the slightest interest in anything, including her recovery. Unless this condition be speedily changed—which appears altogether unlikely—I can no longer offer any hope. The patient is evidently drifting away from us while we stand powerless to hold her back.'

Mr. Allison groaned aloud and laid his face in his hands. The physician arose and, after a few sympathetic expressions, left him alone.

Meanwhile in the sick-room the nurse busied herself with conscientious care about her charge. There was no perceptible movement in the outlines of the quiet form lying upon the bed and the skilled watcher had no suspicion that behind the shut eyelids and apathetic features mind and spirit were still active.

'It isn't so hard to die, after all,' ran the slow current of the sick woman's thought. 'It is easier than to live. One grows tired, somehow, after so many years. It seems sweet just to stop trying and—let go. I have accomplished so little of all I meant to do, but—the Lord understands!

'The children will miss me for awhile—poor dears!—but sorrow is not natural to young people. I'm not necessary to them as I was when they were little. It would have been dreadful to leave my babies, but now it is different. Helen has her lover—Roger is a good man and they will be going into a home of their own before long. And Dorothy—so beautiful and such a favorite—her friends must comfort her. And the boys—somehow they seem to have grown away from me a bit. I oughn't to mind it. It must be so, I suppose, as boys grow into men. It will be harder for their father, but he is so driven at the office—especially since he went into politics—that he can't have time to mourn as he would have mourned years ago when we were first married. How happy we were—so long—so long ago—in the little house on Carlton Street, where Helen was born! Henry has been a rising man. Any woman might have been proud to have been his wife. Somehow I've hardly kept pace with him, but I've loved him—loved him!'

The air of the room had grown heavy and the nurse had set the door ajar. A sound of suppressed voices reached her ear and she glanced anxiously toward the bed, but the sick woman showed no signs of consciousness.

'I need not close the door,' she said to herself. 'She heare nothing.'

Once more skill and training were at fault. That which in the nurse's ears was only an indistinct murmur, to the nerve sense sharpened by illness, slowly separated itself into words which made their way to the consciousness awake and alert in the weak frame, as if spoken along some visible telephone line of the spirit.

'Oh, Helen!' Could it be Dorothy's voice so broken and sobbing? 'No hope! Did the doctor say that?'

'None, unless her condition will change—those were his very words, father told me.' The words dropped drearily, like the trickling of water in a cave.

'But she was better yesterday!' That was Rob, the handsome young collegian who had been summoned home when his mother's illness began to cause apprehension.

'So it seemed. But she does not rally—she takes no notice.'

'But she can't be going—to die—and leave us! She wouldn't do such a thing—mother!'

The tones of the sixteen-year-old Rupert were smitten through with incredulous horror.

'I really don't understand it,' answered the older sister. 'She is "drifting away," the doctor says. Oh, Dorothy! Oh, boys!' she said in a low, intense voice. 'We haven't any of us looked after mother as we ought. We have always been so used to having her do for us. I have been miserably selfish—since—since I had Roger. I didn't mean it; but I see it all now.'

'You haven't been one-half so selfish as I,' sobbed Dorothy. 'Here have I been rushing here and there evening after evening, and she sitting by herself! I must have been out of my mind! As if all the parties and concerts in the world were worth as much to me as mother's little finger.'

'And I've been so careless about writing to her lately.' There was a break in Rob's voice. 'There was always something going on out of study hours and I didn't realise. It was so easy to think mother wouldn't mind. And now—why, girls, I never could go back to college at all if there wasn't to be any more letters from mother!'

The door of the sick-room opened a little wider and Mr. Allison entered noiselessly.

'Is there any chance?' he said.

'Apparently none, sir. She lies all the time like this. One hardly knows whether it be sleep or stupor.'

'How long—' the strong man, choking, left the question unfinished.

'It is hard to say,' answered the nurse, pitifully. 'But she has lost within the last twenty-four hours.'

The husband knelt at the foot of the bed, behind a screen which had been placed to shade the sick woman's face from the light, and rested his head upon the coverlet.

'My little Nellie!' he moaned, as if unconscious of any other presence in the room. 'My rose of girls—my bride!—the mother of my children—the heart of my heart—spare her yet to me, O God! that I may have time to teach her how much dearer she is to me than money or lands or honors! Take her not—'

'Mr. Allison!'

It was the nurse who touched him. There was a quiver of suppressed excitement in her voice. He rose to his feet. His wife's eyes were open—the pallid features illuminated. One wasted hand moved feebly toward him across the white counterpane. He fell again on his knees and pressed the thin fingers to his lips.

'Henry, darling'—the faint thrilling voice seemed to come from very far away—'don't grieve—any more! I am going to get well!'

Long afterwards the doctor and nurse would sometimes recall together the unexpected recovery of Mrs. Allison.

'It was no cure of mine,' the doctor would say. 'Medicine had nothing to do with it. She was as nearly gone as she could possibly be without actually ceasing to breathe, when she simply made up her mind to live! A marvellous case!'

Not so marvellous, perhaps, good physician!

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Only a righting for once of the disordered sequence of this topsy turvy world!

If the words of love and appreciation which beat so vainly at the closed bars of the coffin lid were spoken often in living ears, how many other weary feet might turn again from 'the valley of the shadow!'—The 'Christian Age.'

A Happy Home.

O! for a home on a windy height,
Close by the sounding sea!
A castle, rising clear and white,
Above a spreading lea!
Where the far sea-view, from the rough rock walls,
The sweep of the low, wide land,
Will give to the soul in the stately halls
An uplift pure and grand.

O! for a home in a humble town,
A garden of bloom and green,
With little of wealth and less of renown—
As the twilight hour serene!
Where the voices of friends are mingled oft—
In song, in sorrow, in mirth,
And a sweet content pervades it, soft
As the summer time to earth.

O! for a home by the shadowed wood,
Away from the million schemes!
A home where the whispering leaves are good
To the man who works and dreams!
Who digs in the soil for his daily bread,
Strong and patient and free;
Who dreams while a wild bird overhead
Sings of eternity!

But whether on seagirt, windy height,
Or hard by the forest wild,
Or round the cottage candle-light
In converse glad and mild—
O! for a home in the heart of love!
The sea and the wood may fade;
Ever the good God reigns above—
And the soul? it is undismayed!

—Onward.

A Daughter's Reading.

I would offer a few suggestions to the inuirer concerning a desirable course of reading for a girl just leaving high school. I quite agree with M. L. D. that standard or classic works should form the main reading matter, but it is to the mother's reading with her daughter I would give the chief emphasis. In many of the best classic works there is more or less chaff to be waded through to secure the grain, and young people need to be guided as to which parts should be omitted or skimmed over, and which to mark, learn and inwardly digest.

To require young people to give a review, either orally or in writing, of each book they read, bringing out its truths and teachings, would be of infinite value to them. To read less, but take more thought, is the need of the hour. The girls might tell stories or repeat choice extracts of poetry to the younger children while about light household duties. My own little girls beguile many a home task in this way, and I notice it is helping them to develop in thought, language and imagination.

The question of time from the mother's side may come in here, but it would seem as if the young girl fresh from high school, by taking hold and sharing the mother's home cares and duties, could give her time for recreation, and a share in her daughter's intellectual pursuits.—Selected.

Re-opened.

The 'Witness' Flag offer is now open to all desiring a good flag. See advt. elsewhere in this issue.

Just a Hint.

As a very little increase of high-class general advertising would enable us to greatly improve and enlarge the 'Messenger,' it is to the interest of our readers to mention the 'Messenger' whenever answering advertisements in its columns, and so encourage good advertisers.

Suffer the Little Children to Come.

It cannot be denied that many parents keep their children out of the kingdom of God. Being unbelievers or only nominal Christians, they set an example, and therefore exert an influence that is detrimental to the spirituality of the child. Are there not parents who never pray for or with the little ones? Do all fathers and mothers teach their children to commit the Word of God to memory? The mind of a child can be filled with no more valuable thought than contained in the very language of Scripture. But it cannot be expected that parents will strive to raise their children higher than they are. Drinking, profane and godless fathers and mothers instill into the minds of their children principles that lay the foundation for future habits, and more than one who is now in the kingdom of the world can say that his early home life was not suggestive of the Christian walk and conversation.—The Rev. C. L. Palmer.

Pattern Catalogue.

For the convenience of the busy mothers into whose homes the 'Messenger' goes, we have arranged to supply a catalogue containing from 400 to 500 new designs for ladies', misses' and children's clothes, for spring and summer of 1907, all of which may be ordered through the 'Messenger' Pattern Department. The catalogue also contains practical illustrated hints on the making of fine lingerie and baby clothes. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps, writing name and address in full, that no mistake may occur. Be sure to mention the 'Northern Messenger,' or, if desired, the pattern coupons on this page may be used in ordering the catalogue.

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Where more than one pattern is wanted, additional coupons may be readily made after the model below on a separate slip of paper, and attached to the proper illustration.

NO. 5657.—A PRETTY CORSET COVER.

The use of dainty underwear is characteristic of refined women, and the sheerest and finest of the wash fabrics are called upon for making. The corset cover here pictured is a somewhat novel design, being made with the front fullness gathered to a prettily shaped yoke. Hand embroidery and ribbon run beading are both used in the decoration, and batistes linen, nainsook and wash silk are all suggested for the making. For 30 inch bust measure, 1 1-8 yards of material 36 inches wide will be required. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

NO. 5702.—LITTLE GIRL'S 'JUMPER'

The simple little jumper dress for girls is a novelty of the season that bids fair to be very popular. It is very simple and practical, and its laundering possibilities make it a favorite with mothers. It will also make up nicely in any of the light weight woollens, and may be worn over a simple muslin guimpe or a colored silk slip. As illustrated it was made of white pique trimmed with embroidery, which also formed the belt and straps. A large pearl button was used to fasten the belt in front. Pique, duck, linen, gingham, albatross, henrietta, mohair and delaine are all suitable. For a child of six years 2 1-8 yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes for 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

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N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern will reach you in about a week from date of your order. Price 10 cents, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness Block,' Montreal.

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The Faultfinders.

Three men took joy in finding fault,
And thus it came to pass
The gods upon each one of them
Bestowed a piece of glass.

The fool contrived of his a lens
Wherein to gloating eyes
The smallest blot that could be found
Was magnified in size.

The just man made of his a pane
All clear without a flaw;
Nor summer sun nor winter rain
Affected what he saw.

The wise man pondered long and well
How best the search to aid;
Then taking up the crystal gift,
Of his a mirror made.

—New York 'Sun.'

Health and Happiness.

Don't anticipate trouble.

Don't gossip; have faith in God, in humanity and in yourself.

Don't imagine every cloud you see is going to bring up a cyclone.

Fill every day brimful of sunshine for some one else, and much of it will be reflected on you.

Make the best of what you possess; enjoy it; be happy to-day; don't put it off until next year.

Take a little rest now and then; enjoy your friends; don't scold; keep your thoughts pure.

Take a sponge bath every morning in cold water, and rub briskly with a crash towel for ten minutes; take moderate exercise and plenty of fresh air.

Cleanliness, purity, fresh air, faith and calm consideratio nare the best of life-preservers.—Selected.

Selected Recipes.

TOWN PUDDING.—Chop six ounces of suet finely. Mix in half a pound of fine bread crumbs, half a pound of chopped apples, weighed after being peeled and cored, six ounces of moist sugar and a little grated lemon rind. Press the mixture tightly into a buttered mould, tie a floured cloth over the top and boil for four hours. No moisture will be needed. When done, let the pudding stand a minute or two, turn out carefully and serve with sauce.—Exchange.

BAKED SWEETBREADS.— Parboil the sweetbreads, split and season. Strain the broth in which they are cooked into a baking-pan, lay in the sweetbreads, dredge with flour, and dot with bits of butter. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes, or until a delicate brown. Baste frequently with butter. If preferred, they may be larded as follows: Draw thin slices of salt pork about the size of a wooden toothpick through the sweetbreads after cleaning, before they are parboiled. Take deep, long stitches, or they will break out. Have ready some peas nicely cooked and seasoned, place the sweetbreads in the centre of the dish, pour over them a gravy made of the drippings in the pan, put the peas around, and serve; or heap the peas in the centre of the dish, and lay the sweetbreads around.—Selected.

TYPICAL WINTER SCENES

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Religious Notes.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the conference of the Foreign Mission Boards of the United States and Canada was held in Philadelphia, January 9 and 10.

The first session began, after devotional exercises, with a paper upon the Laymen's Missionary Movement by President Capen, of the American Board. In outlining the new movement Doctor Capen said:

This is not a new missionary board to collect or administer funds; it is not a movement to raise up and send out missionaries; not to seek to use its influence among young business men, students or women; not an interdenominational movement to make a new missionary brotherhood. It is:

1. A promoting agency to facilitate work already under way.

2. A missionary movement to reach the whole world in this generation.

3. It is a laymen's missionary movement. It is for the mature business men of to-day who now have in hand the money which they can give if they will.

4. It is an effort to get all denominations to work more closely together than ever before.

How can this be done?

First, by having a large central committee.

Secondly, it is the purpose to work through existing organizations wherever possible.

Thirdly, we recommend to foreign mission boards the organizing of campaigns to arouse interest.

Fourth, by devising some plan to get men to pledge themselves to positive obligations toward mission work.

Fifth, by reaching mature business men through parlor conferences and dining-room caucuses.

Sixth, possibly by dividing missionary work among the local churches the laymen may underwrite the budget.

Seventh, by having an agreement among laymen to devote a few moments at a certain hour of the day to silent prayer for missionary work.

Eighth, by publishing and distributing leaflets containing short, pithy facts about the movement.

Ninth, by sending a commission of laymen abroad at an early date to inspect our missions.

Tenth, by the gradual union of men of all denominations into a great missionary party.

An important work of the Conference was the appointment of the new Committee on 'Reference and Counsel' (to take the place of the former committee on 'Reference and Arbitration'), with the Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown of New York as chairman. Its chief work will be the prevention of the overlapping of enterprise; the division and allotment of new fields; united effort in common cause against the sale of opium in China, the treatment of the Koreans by the Japanese; the atrocities in the Congo; and the creation of public sentiment in favor of foreign missionary endeavor throughout the English speaking countries.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

At this conference among the main topics discussed were: The Force Needed for the World's Evangelization, The Independence of the Native Church, The Press and Missionary Intelligence, and The Next Ecumenical Conference. Secretary Barbour, of the Missionary Union, presented the report of the Committee on Russia. The conference agreed unanimously to forward to President Roosevelt, the United States Senate, and King Edward, an appeal on behalf of the stricken people of the Congo State. The appeal is made in the name of forty missionary organizations, whose work is carried on in all sections of the world, and the petition interprets the sentiment of their constituency of upward of 20,000,000 of Christian men and women.

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